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Gray's Monument, Stoke Park.



THIS is an interesting memorial of highly cultivated genius and good taste. It reminds us of associations of simplicity and propriety which are to us extremely grateful. We are likewise persuaded, that every one of our readers will participate in this interest; for the name of GRAY will always be cherished by the lover of poetry and fine sentiment; and it would be idle not to presume upon their acquaintance with some portion of his works. His *Elegy*—who can forget it! How beautifully, too, is it spoken of by Johnson: "In the character of his *Elegy*," observes the critic, "I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The churchyard abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." It is perhaps impossible to conceive higher praise, or to convey a sense of admiration in more beautiful terms. Many a time and oft have we

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thought of this eulogium while pacing the Terrace at Windsor, or picking out the identical churchyard in the landscape before us. Nay, we have almost forgotten the regal splendour, the castled hall, the tower and turret, in the contemplation of Stoke Churchyard. Gay friends have wondered at our apathy at the vast pile, and our distaste for its proud glories; but we were revelling in joy which it never entered into their hearts to conceive. The genius of melancholy had spread her bewitchery around us, and set springs for our soul which it were impossible to escape. Friendships fade away, ties are snapped asunder, affections are unrequited, and all the consolation left for a bankrupt heart is to feel the potent spell of melancholy like iron entering into one's soul. We are getting too sentimental; but, reader, pause, ere you chide our sicklied sensibility over the name of GRAY.

By way of explaining the Cut—the Monument and the Manor-house, the Church, and Mr. Penn's seat—we quote an entire but brief description of Stoke:

"Stoke, or Stoke Pogeis, Bucks, two miles N.N.E. from Slough, is a large scattered village, which obtained the appellation of Pogeis from its ancient lords of that name. The heiress of this family, in the reign of Edward III., married Lord Mollines, who shortly afterwards procured a license from the King to convert the manor-house into a castle. From him it descended to the Lords Hungerford, and from them to the Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon; and it seems afterwards to have been the residence of the Lord Chancellor Hatton. Sir Edward Coke, having married an heiress of the Huntingdon family, became the next possessor; and here, in 1601, he was honoured with a visit from Queen Elizabeth, whom he entertained in a very sumptuous style, presenting her with jewels to the value of 1,000*l.*; and here he died in 1634. It was afterwards the seat of Viscountess Cobham, on whose death the estate was purchased by Mr. William Penn, chief proprietor of Penn-Sylvania, in America; and it now belongs to John Penn, Esq. his grandson. The old manor-house furnished the subject for the opening of Gray's humorously descriptive poem, called 'The Long Story,' in which the style of building, and fantastic manners of Elizabeth's reign, are delineated with much truth. Gray, when a student at Eton, occasionally resided with his aunt at this village, whose churchyard was the scene of his much-admired 'Elegy,' occasioned, says his biographer, 'by the recent loss of his invaluable mother, and his particular friend West.' On the plain slab covering her tomb (which is close to the chancel) he wrote the following epitaph, which, in the opinion of the same gentleman, excites more sympathy by a single stroke, than the beautiful lines of Mr. Pope, expressive of *his* filial piety.

"In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of *Mary Antrobus*; she died unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749, aged sixty-six. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of *Dorothy Gray*, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged sixty-seven."

"The same tomb, by Mr. Gray's particular directions, became also the place of his own interment; though neither friend nor relation raised a stone to his memory till the year 1799, when the Genius of Poetry animated the kindred bosom of Mr. Penn to perform the long-

neglected task: The monument erected by this gentleman stands in a field adjoining to the churchyard, and forms the termination of one of the views from Stoke House. It is composed of stone, and consists of a large sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side. Three of them are selected from the 'Ode to Eton College,' and the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard;' the fourth is as follows:

This Monument, in honour of
THOMAS GRAY,
Was erected A.D. 1799,
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that great Lyric and
Elegiac Poet.
He died in 1771,
And lies unnoticed in the adjoining
Churchyard;
Under the Tombstone
On which he piously and pathetically
Recorded the interment
Of his Aunt and lamented Mother."

AGAINST LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.
(For the Mirror.)

WHAT tranquil road, unwe're'd by strife,
Can mortals choose thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar;
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store,
Need and distress await the poor;
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give,
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live;
Are children born? we anxious groan,
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage,
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

FOR LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF METRODORUS.

MANKIND may rove, unwe're'd by strife,
Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war;
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind.
All-beauteous nature decks the plain,
And merchants plough for gold the main;
Respect arises from our store,
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give,
Th' unmarried with more freedom live;
If parents, our bless'd lot we own,
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage,
And venerable hairs old age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?" STEPHANO

PECULIARITIES OF PIGEONS AND DOVES

(For the Mirror.)

BEWICK tells us "The various families which constitute this beautiful genus are distinguished by shades and gradations, so minute as to exceed all description. Of these by much the larger portion are the willing attendants on man, and depend on his bounty, seldom leaving the dwellings provided for them, and only roaming abroad to seek amusement, or to procure subsistence; but when we consider the lightness of their bodies, the great strength of their wings, and the amazing rapidity of their flight, it is a matter of wonder that they should submit even to a partial kind of domestication, or occupy those tenements fitted up for the purpose of breeding and rearing their young. It must be observed, however, that in these they live rather as voluntary captives, or transient guests than permanent or settled inhabitants, enjoying a considerable portion of that liberty they so much delight in; on the slightest molestation, they will sometimes abandon their mansion with all its conveniences, and seek a solitary lodgment in the holes of old walls or unfrequented towers; and some ornithologists assert, that they will even take refuge in the woods, where, impelled by instinct, they resume their native manners."

"Wild pigeons are said to migrate in large flocks into England, at the approach of winter, from the northern regions, and return in the spring; many of them, however, remain in this country, only changing their quarters for the purpose of procuring food. They build their nests in the hollow of decayed trees, and commonly have two broods in the year. In a state of domestication their increase is prodigious; and though they never lay more than two eggs at a time, yet allowing them to breed nine times in the year, the produce of a single pair, at the expiration of four years, may amount to the enormous number of 14,762 (*Stillington's Tracts*.) The male and female perform the office of incubation by turns, and feed their young by casting up the provisions out of their stomachs into the mouths of the young ones."

Baron de Tott says, "The turtle dove is highly favoured in the Turkish dominions, where it is extremely plentiful, government allowing a certain rate per cent. on the duty imposed on corn, that those birds may be allowed to feed unmolested. A crowd of them con-

stantly alight on the vessels which cross the port of Constantinople, and carry the corn uncovered either to the mills or magazines, and the boatmen never oppose them. This permission to feast on the grain brings them in great numbers, and familiarizes them to such a degree, that they are seen standing on the shoulders of the rowers, watching for a vacant place where they might fill their crops in turn."

The white nutmeg pigeon, which inhabits New Guinea, is described by Sonnerat, who mentions its feeding on nutmegs, observing that it is probably only the outer skin which serves them for nourishment, as the nut itself is voided whole, and so little altered, that, after passing through the organs of digestion, it is not rendered less fit for vegetation; and hence it happens that those birds flying from one island to another, disperse, and sow the seeds of those valuable plants in every part they frequent.

The great crowned Indian pigeon is nearly the size of a turkey; its note is very plaintive, and we are told the mournful notes of these birds alarmed the crew of Bourgainville very much, when they touched in their voyage at one of the islands they inhabit.

In Egypt, the pigeon-house (says Pocock) is reckoned a great part of the estate of the husband; and the common proverb in those parts is, that a man who has a pigeon-house need not be careful about the disposal of his daughter.

The custom of sending letters by pigeons, is mentioned by Pliny (in his *Natural History*), to have been made use of when Marc Antony besieged Modena, A. U. C. 710. P. T. W.

The Anecdote Gallery.

SUETT.*

WE believe, amongst the various anecdotes afloat concerning this very original genius, the following has not yet anywhere found a record:—Suett was one night performing on a provincial stage, the part of the *Lawyer*, in *No Song no Supper*, and when seated at table with the miller's better (?) moiety, praised as usual the leg of lamb which forms, or is supposed to form that repast, adding (of himself) "Pray, ma'am, who is your butcher?" and then answering himself, he continued, "O, but I need not ask, for I see very well that you have dealings with Mr. Suett!" From

* For anecdotes respecting Suett, vide *Mirror*, vol. i. p. 5, and vol. iv. p. 250.

a favourite buffo this sally was well received, but when, shortly afterwards, in a similar situation, and upon the same stage, an unfortunate Thespian improvised wit, which though different in substance, was better in effect; the audience, such is the precarious nature of the *vox populi*, manifested their displeasure at the liberty taken. Let no one hereafter ask

"What's in a name?"

we maintain every thing; and it is certain that Dicky Suett's jest, would not have told without it.

GIANTS.—IRISH, SCOTCH, AND FRENCH.

Most English persons who visit Scotland as strangers, are struck with the stature and proportions of the generality of its inhabitants, male and female, and those of our readers conversant with Edinburgh pleasantries, will probably acknowledge both the justice and keenness of the satire which terms a certain *pavé*, near a certain fashionable square, "the Giant's Causeway!" However, we did not know till lately, that Scotland had produced a rival to the celebrated O'Brien, of Irish birth. When that extraordinary man was, some years since, exhibiting, amongst other places, at Yarmouth, a Scotch gentleman of good family and large fortune, who was passing through the town at the time, sent a note to him, stating his height, and requesting an interview, quite privately with O'Brien, as he did not, and could not make of himself a public exhibition. They met the same evening, at the hotel where O'Brien lodged, and upon measuring, the Scotch gentleman's height was found to exceed that of his brother-giant of Erin, by half an inch!

Monsieur Louis, the French giant, who was in London last year, stated that his reason for exhibiting himself, particularly in England, was, "that he might make a fortune here, and return to France to enjoy it." A tolerably broad satire this, on our national taste for sight-seeing.

PITT.

THIS celebrated man was once induced to send a specimen of his handwriting to a gentleman, who professed himself to be an adept in the art of discovering people's characters and talents, by their autographs. Pitt, by the assistance of a friend, wrote a nautical letter, in the character of a Lieutenant, R. N.—of course, signing himself under a false name. Mr. M—tt (if we do not

greatly err, this gentleman is still living) having looked at the writing for some minutes, exclaimed in extreme astonishment, "Who is this person? He is not what he represents himself to be; but can any body introduce me to him? above all things I should like to see him, and know him, for he is one of the most extraordinary and clever characters that ever lived!"

BON MOT, BY J. SMITH.

IN this witty author's company, not very long since, it happened that two gentlemen were discussing, rather warmly, a medical point. "You say," cried one, "that our blood is at first quite white; I will credit it, if you can also tell me in what stage (of circulation) it becomes red." "Tell him," whispered Smith to the hesitating antagonist, "tell him in the Reading Stage, of course."

FRENCH REPARTES.

AT one of the minor Parisian theatres, a piece was brought out, founded upon incidents in the life of a Frenchman, and after him called *Le Sire de Concy*. It was an indifferent composition, indifferently performed, and upon this question occurring in one of the scenes, "*Que pensez-vous du Sire de Concy?*" a man in the *parterre* starting up, exclaimed to the great delight of the audience, "*Je pense, qu'il n'est que, concé-concé!*" M. L. B.

HUMOROUS VALOUR.

SIR DAVID DE LINDSAY, first Earl of Craufurd, was amongst other gentlemen of quality, attended during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme—

I hear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Who so pinches at her, his death is dight,
In grait.

The Scottish knight being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie, instead of a falcon, with a motto, ingeniously contrived in rhyme, to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:

I hear a pie picking at a piece,
Who so picks at her, I shall pick at his nose,
In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by

a just with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice: in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud, in not fastening his helmet, the Scotchman agreed to run six courses more; each champion staking in the hands of the king, two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded, that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit, which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying, "he surpassed the English both in wit and valour." This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of the time.

T. J. B.

The Contemporary Traveller.

THE LAKE OUROOMIA IN COURDISTAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

THIS Lake is about eighty-nine miles in length, from north to south, and about thirty-two in breadth. During the summer months the north-east part becomes nearly dry, leaving the eastern side of Shahy, its largest island, in a peninsular state, the marshy bed of the receded waters alone connecting it with the main land. This island, the only inhabited spot on the surface of the lake, is said to be twenty-five miles in circumference, and contains mountains so abundant in wood, that the people of the plain are continually crossing the morass to cut fuel for the supply of Tabreez. There is one populous village upon it, and several others in a state of complete ruin and desertion; also the remains of a strong fortress; and wild goats, antelopes, and wild fowl of various kinds, thrive here in great numbers. The waters of this lake are the saltiest in the world, and a thick, white crust of salt is deposited along its shores. Opposite the village of Goorchin-kala, a stupendous and perfectly insulated rock, bearing the same name, rises abruptly from the surface of the water. In the winter, when the waters are high, it stands many hundred yards from the

shore; but in summer its western face may be approached with ease. It is perpendicular on all sides, except that facing the north-west, which forms a slope, sufficiently steep, however, to check any sudden attempt to scale it. At the base of this point, a deep ditch, which has been hewn as a defence towards the shore in the dry season, forms a communication between the waters on either side. "The spot," says Sir K. Porter, "altogether reminded me of the impregnable castle of Koenigstein, in the vicinity of Dresden. Like it, the Kala of Goorchin has only one entrance, cut through the solid rock, from which opening to the summit, the way is exceedingly narrow and difficult. On arriving at the top, the spectator is struck with its very singular appearance; a particular air of wild grandeur from the union of man's labour and nature's own rough bulwarks, in the construction of its battlements; pieces, only, of wall, having been here and there required to fill up a few chasms in the rock, which had formed its high and perpendicular defence on all sides. In the interior, the remains of houses built out of the stone of the general mass, were still visible, and also large and deep square excavations, which our guide told me were intended for granaries and stores. Walking towards the eastern brow, we found the wide mouth of a well, apparently reaching to a great depth in the rock. It is now abundantly supplied with water, and its stone circumference is worn into long hollows by the ropes and chains which have been for ages employed in raising the water. On the north side we scrambled two hundred feet down the face of the fortress on a most frightful ladder, founded by instinct of hands and feet, for path there was none, until we arrived at the mouths of two caverns, whose naturally very wide entrances had been narrowed by strong walls of massive masonry, for the apparent purpose of affording additional support to the incumbent cliff, surmounted as it was by the heavy structure of the fortress. But on entering, we found that the wall had a second object—to preserve, in the deep and cool reservoirs of these caverns, a beautifully clear water that constantly trickled into them through the fissures of the rock, and is collected here in little pools; a sort of subterranean fairy lake, most deliciously refreshing after a scorching ramble. Its freshness is a circumstance rather surprising, since it springs through a rock encircled by the saltiest water in the world. Several large fig

trees grow on the narrow shelf that leads into these cool retreats, shading the rugged entrances, and mingling their ample leaves with the grey and broken fragments of the wall. This particular feature in the scene was wild and romantic; but the whole was raised into sublimity by the awful and dizzy height, whence they waved their green boughs, and where we stood, viewing the azure surface of the Ouronomia deep at our feet, while the hollow roaring of its waters dashing into the caverns they had worn in the rock, increased in no small degree the nervous giddiness which we felt on looking down a precipice of eight hundred feet, from a ledge scarcely six in breadth, surmounted by the towering mass we so lately had the temerity to descend.

These caves have long been the occasional resort of dervishes; and a small sanctuary is shown, half excavated, and the rest completed with rude stonework, said to conceal the remains of some unknown saint, to whom frequent prayers and pilgrimages are made.

To prove the extreme saltiness of the water, Sir Ker Porter observes, that after immersing his hand in it, a very short evaporation left it encrusted with a perfectly white coat of glittering saline particles.

G. L. S.

The Sketch-Book.

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

By the Author of "*Sir Andrew Wylie*," &c. &c.

* * * FATHER NICHOLAS having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high-roofed, and of a French appearance, are scattered round the semicircle of a little bay; and on a projecting headland stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.

This little church was celebrated for the legend of its bell.

When it was erected, and the steeple completed, Father Nicholas took occasion, in one of his sermons, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steeple as a priest is to a church;

and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not sloths in the performance of this pious duty. Two bales were speedily collected, and shipped for Havre-de-Grace; and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the bell was purchased, and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.

It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New England privateer, and carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, to which that great preacher the Rev. John Williams was appointed. With much labour it was carried to the village, and duly elevated to the belfry.

When Father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together, and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heretics, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.

This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unbaptised state of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that Father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, communing on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them roamed alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it. The squaws, who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whip-poor-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.

At last the day of deliverance drew near.

The Marquis de Vaudrieu, the Governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire:

the command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville; and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuits' College at Quebec informed Father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion.—The Indians were immediately assembled in the church; the voyageur was elevated in the midst of the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of glad tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose, giving the war-whoop; then simultaneously retiring to their houses, they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colours for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.

It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's party at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff, and a cross on the top of it, headed them, and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departure of the first crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Boulogne, chanted a sacred song, which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.

They arrived at Chambly, after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to lake Champlain, The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode in a sleigh with De Rouville.

In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence, until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warmed in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way; no symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.

The French soldiers began to suffer extremely, from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians, in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be

greater than the patience of Father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen.

When they reached the spot on which the lively and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forest towards the settled parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, Father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield. Nothing that had been yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in this march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery—a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow storms of latter times. But they were loquacious; and the roughness of their course, and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the under-wood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different: animated with holy zeal, their constitutional taciturnity had something dignified, even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid many of the annoyances which called forth the *pestes* and *sacres* of their not less brave, but more vociferous companions.

Long before the party had reached their destination, Father Nicholas was sick of his crusade; the labour of threading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely blained, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure; he recalled to mind the martyrdom of the saints, and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages by the redemption of the bell.

On the evening of the 29th February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.

The surface of the snow was frozen, and cracked beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the English garrison, De Rouville directed, that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this in-

genious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy forest; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible conflict took place in the streets. The French fought with their accustomed spirit; and the Indians with their characteristic fortitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, and the buildings set on fire.

At day-break all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request; and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen, who were witnesses, laughed at it most unrighteously. But the father was not entirely discomfited. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and dispatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep: it was to the simple ears of the Indians as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at each end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homeward, exulting in the deliverance of the "miraculous organ." But it was soon found too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace; and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore of lake Champlain, they buried it, with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice was broken up, Father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and, having procured a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the meantime, all the squaws and papooses had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events "in the womb of time." Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations. One evening, while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder; they listened—they wondered—and began to shout and cry, "It is the bell!"

It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was

laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat Father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers. In this triumphal array, in the calm of a beautiful evening, when the leaves were still and green, and while the roar of *Le longue Saulte* rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.

The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple; and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers, with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Retrospective Cleanings.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS king has been styled by one of our dramatic caterers, "the merry monarch;" but viewing his character as divested of the gloss of dramatic fiction, we shall discover that his mirth was unaccompanied by that invaluable concomitant recommended in the trite maxim, "*Be merry and wise.*" Of all the monarchs who have worn the English crown, from Alfred to George IV. there are none whose follies and culpabilities have been so much overlooked, and openly palliated, as those of Charles II., who, above all others in the ample annals of English succession, is the most amenable to the tribunal of posterity. Gifted with higher intellect and intelligence than fell to the lot of our kings generally, he had no excuse or subterfuge whatever to curtain those criminal weaknesses which made his reign wretchedly tyrannical and despotic. Reared under the sovereignty of feverish times, and schooled by the vicissitudes of adversity, the promise of his boyhood might have augured a better reign. Granting that his throne was no enviable elevation, owing to the distractions and rebellions which beset him, and with the appalling history of the past before his eyes, yet how little impression these made upon him, is shown by his reckless and libidinous career. When we are impugning the character of Cromwell for hypocrisy, and pitying the unfortunate Stuarts, we should bear in mind that the Protector's dissimulation

(as alleged by historians) was *fully equalled by the cruel deceit of Charles II.* in the affected compromises with which he prefaced his overthrow of the non-conforming clergy. Confessing that our aristocratic reverence for "the Lord's anointed" sits rather loosely as affecting this king, we hesitate not to affirm, that his character, destitute of every palliative feature, is unworthy of being commented upon in the same page with that of Cromwell. Let the reader, in perusing the following ancient document of his death, bear in mind that it was Charles II. who exhumated the bones of Cromwell, and hung them on a gibbet ! a man and inhuman piece of revenge on the man whose superior bravery had defeated his father at Edgehill, and whose stern policy afterwards brought him to the scaffold. The extract here given is from Ellis's *Letters on English History*; a compilation from MSS. in the British Museum. The writer of the letter was chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, and a staunch and sympathizing loyalist. It is the only account we ever read of *dying politely*.

"Yesterday noon, I doe believe the most lamented prince that ever satt upon a throne, one of the best of kings, after near five dayes sickness, left this world; translated doubtless to a much more glorious kingdom than all those whiche he has left behind him now bewailing of their loss. 'Twas a great piece of providence that this fatal blow was not so sudden as it would have been if he had dyed on Monday when his fitt first took him; as he must have done if Dr. King had not been by, by chance, and lett him blood. By these dayes respite he had an opportunity (which accordingly he did embrace) of thinking of another world; and wee are all prepared the better to sustaine so great a loss. He showed himself, throughout his sickness, one of the *best natured men that ever lived*; and by abundance of fine things he said, in reference to his soul, he showed he dyed as good a Christian: and the physicians who have seen so many leave this world, doe say, they never saw the like as to his courage, so *unconcerned he was at death*, though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thank'd God that he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and *beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble*: that he

hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this worlde: he had enough of it: and he was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness express'd between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other, almost drowned in tears, upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thanked our present king for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and *begg'd his pardon for the trouble he had given him from time to time*, for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he freely left him all, and begg'd of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name, except the Duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard so much as to make mention of. He bless'd all his children, one by one, pulling them to him on the bed; and then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects: whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself in the bed, and very solemnly blessed them all. This was so like a great good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising, as was extremely moving, and caused a general lamentation throughout; and no one hears it without being much affected with it, being new and great."

"But (says the *Edinburgh Review*, commenting on Mr. Ellis's book) this religious, and, of course, sincere devotion to departed monarchs, was far from abating a love of its new representative, that true nursing father of the Protestant Church, James II., our 'legitimate king.'"

H.

The Naturalist.

BRITISH PEARL FISHERY.

It may not be generally known that a pearl fishery exists at the present time in any part of Great Britain.

The pearl muscle (*Mya margaritifera*) is found in abundance in the river Conway, in North Wales, and is collected by many of the natives, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. When the tide is out, they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of tide. The

muscles are then put in a large kettle over a fire to be opened; and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes bare-footed, and stamps upon them, until they are reduced into a sort of pulp. They next pour in water to separate the fishy substance, which they call *solach*, from the more heavy parts consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls, which settle in the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much per ounce for them. The price varies from 1s. 6d. to 4s. There are a number of persons who live by this alone; and where there is a small family to gather the shells and pick out the fish, it is preferable to any other daily labour. The pearls are generally a dirty white, sometimes blue, but never, it is believed, green or reddish. I cannot with accuracy say how many ounces are taken to the overseer each week, though I might say that there are some scores. But what makes this fishery the more singular is the mystery which hangs over it. At present it is a perfect monopoly, and there is but the one who buys them up that knows what becomes of them afterwards. It has been carried on in this manner for many years; and as such a thing, if made public, might prove more beneficial to the neighbouring poor, by causing a higher price to be given for the pearls, through competition, it would be very desirable if any of your numerous correspondents could throw some light on this interesting subject. The huts which have been erected for the convenience of boiling the fish, are on the extremity of the marsh, about a mile north of the town of Conway. The pearls are seldom found here much larger than the enclosed specimens, though about twelve miles up the river, they have been found occasionally as large as a moderate sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple, but they are very rarely met with. When I say that the price varies from 1s. 6d. to 4s. I do not mean to say that they are valued according to their size, for the large and small pearls are all sold together; but some years ago they were as high as 4s., now they are only 2s. per ounce.—*Correspondent of the Magazine of Nat. Hist.*

SWARM OF CRABS.

In 1811 there was a very extraordinary production of black crabs in the eastern part of Jamaica. In June or July, the whole district of Mauchioneal was covered with countless millions, swarming from the sea to the mountains. Of this I was an eye-witness. On ascending Oua Hill, from the vale of Plantain Garden River, the road appeared of a reddish colour, as if strewed with brick-dust. It was owing to myriads of young black crabs, about the size of the nail of a man's finger, moving at a pretty quick pace direct for the mountains. I rode along the coast a distance of about fifteen miles, and found it nearly the same the whole way, only in some places they were more numerous, in others less so. Returning the following day, I found the road still covered with them, the same as the day before. How have they been produced, and where do they come from? were questions every body asked, and nobody could answer. It is well known that crabs deposit their eggs once a year, in May; but, except on this occasion, though living on the coast, I had never seen above a dozen young crabs together, and here were millions. No unusual number of old crabs had been observed in that season; and it is observable that they were moving from a rock-bound coast of inaccessible cliffs, the abode of sea birds, and exposed to the constant influence of the trade winds. No person, as far as I know, ever saw the like except on that occasion; and I have understood that, since 1811, black crabs have been abundant farther in the interior of the island than they were ever known before.—*Jamaica Royal Gazette.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON IN ITALY.

(By M. Stendhal).

In 1817, a few young people met every evening at the theatre de la Scala, at Milan, in the box of Monsignor Ludovic de Brème, formerly chief almoner of the ex-King of Italy. This Italian custom, not generally followed in France, banished all ceremony. * The affectation that chills the atmosphere of a French saloon is unknown in the society of Milan. How is it possible that such a sentiment can find a place amongst individuals in the habit of seeing each other above three hundred times in the course of a twelvemonth? One evening, a

stranger made his appearance in Monsignor de Brème's box. He was young, of middling stature, and with remarkably fine eyes. As he advanced, we observed that he limped a little. "Gentlemen," said Monsignor de Brème, "this is Lord Byron." We were afterwards presented to his lordship, the whole scene passing with as much ceremonious gravity, as if our introducer had been De Brème's grandfather, in days of yore ambassador from the Duke of Savoy to the court of Louis XIV. Aware of the character of the English, who generally avoid such as appear to court their society, we cautiously abstained from conversing with, or even looking at, Lord Byron. The latter had been informed, that in the course of the evening he would probably be introduced to a stranger who had performed the celebrated campaign of Moscow, which still possessed the charm of novelty, as at that time we had not been spoiled by any romances on the subject. A fine-looking man, with a military appearance, happening to be of our party, his lordship naturally concluded that he was the hero; and accordingly, in addressing him, relaxed considerably from the natural coldness of his manner. The next day, however, Byron was undeceived. Changing his battery, he did me the honour to address me on the subject of Russia. I idolized Napoleon, and replied to his lordship as I should have done to a member of the legislative assembly who had exiled the ex-emperor to St. Helena. I subsequently discovered, that Lord Byron was at once enthusiastic in favour of Napoleon, and jealous of his fame. He used to say, "Napoleon and myself are the only individuals who sign our names with the initials N. B.," (Noel Byron.) My determination to be cold, offers some explanation for the marked kindness with which, at the end of a few days, Lord Byron did me the favour to regard me. Our friends in the box imagined, that the discussion which had taken place, and which, though polite and respectful on my part, had been rather warm, would prevent all further intimacy between us. They were mistaken. The next evening, his lordship took me by the arm, and walked with me for an hour in the saloon of the theatre de la Scala. I was gratified with his politeness, for which, at the bottom, I was indebted to his desire of conversing with an eye-witness on the subject of the Russian campaign. He even closely cross-questioned me on this point. However, a second reading of

Childe Harold made amends for all. His progress in the good graces of my Italian friends, who met every evening in Monsignor de Brème's box, was not very rapid. I must confess, that his lordship, one evening, broached rather a whimsical idea—that, in a discussion which had just been started, his title added weight to his opinion. On that occasion, De Brème retorted with the well-known anecdote of Marshal de Castries, who, shocked at the deference once paid to D'Alembert's judgment, exclaimed, "A pretty reasoner, truly! a fellow not worth three thousand francs a-year!" On another evening, Lord Byron afforded an opening to ridicule, by the warmth with which he denied all resemblance between his own character and that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, to whom he had been compared. His principal objection to the comparison, though he would not acknowledge the fact, was, that Rousseau had been a servant, and the son of a watchmaker. We could not avoid a hearty laugh, when, at the conclusion of the argument, Byron requested from De Brème, who was allied to the oldest nobility of Turin, some information relative to the family of Govon, in whose service Jean Jacques had actually lived. (See *Les Confessions*.) Lord Byron always entertained a great horror of corpulency; his antipathy to a full habit of body might be called a fixed idea. M. Polidori, a young physician who travelled with him, assured us, that his lordship's mother was of low stature, and extremely fat. During at least a third part of the day, Byron was a dandy, expressed a constant dread of augmenting the bulk of his outward man, concealed his right foot as much as possible, and endeavoured to render himself agreeable in female society. His vanity, however, frequently induced him to lose sight of the end, in his attention to the means. Love was sacrificed;—an affair of the heart would have interfered with his daily exercise on horseback. At Milan and Venice, his fine eyes, his handsome horses, and his fame, gained him the smiles of several young, noble, and lovely females—one of whom, in particular, performed a journey of more than a hundred miles for the pleasure of being present at a masqued ball to which his lordship was invited. Byron was apprized of the circumstance; but, either from *hauteur* or shyness, declined an introduction. "Your poets are perfect clowns," cried the fair one, as she indignantly quitted the ball-room. Had Byron succeeded in his pretensions to

be thought the finest man in England, and had his claims to fashionable supremacy been at the same time disputed, he would still have been unsatisfied. In his moments of dandyism he always pronounced the name of Brummel with a mingled emotion of respect and jealousy. When his personal attractions were not the subject of his consideration, his noble birth was uppermost in his thoughts. At Milan, we often purposely discussed in his presence the question, if "Henry IV. could justly pretend to the attribute of clemency, after having ordered his old companion, the Duke de Biron, to be beheaded." "Napoleon would have acted differently," was his lordship's constant reply. It was ludicrous to observe his respect wavering undecided between acquired distinction and his own nobility, which he considered far above that of the Duke de Biron. When the pride of birth and personal vanity no longer usurped undue sway over his mind, he again became the sublime poet and the man of sense. Never, after the example of Madame de Staël, did he indulge in the childish vanity of "turning a phrase." When literary subjects were introduced, Byron was exactly the reverse of an academician; his thoughts flowed with greater rapidity than his words, and his expressions were free from all affectation or studied grace. Towards midnight, particularly when the music of the opera had produced an impression on his feelings, instead of describing them with a view to effect, he yielded naturally to his emotions, as though he had all his life been an inhabitant of the south.

[After quoting a passage from Moore's recently published *Life of Byron*, in which the poet obscurely alludes to his remorse for some unexplained crime, real or imaginary, M. Stendhal thus proceeds:—]

"Is it possible that Byron might have had some guilty stain upon his conscience, similar to that which wrecked Othello's fame? Such a question can no longer be injurious but to him who has given it birth. It must be admitted, that during nearly a third of the time we passed in the poet's society, he appeared to us like one labouring under an access of folly, often approaching to madness. "Can it be," have we sometimes exclaimed, "that in a frenzy of pride or jealousy he has shortened the days of some fair Grecian slave, faithless to her vows of love?" Be this as it may, a great man once known may be said to have opened an account with posterity. If Byron played the part of Othello,

hundreds of witnesses will be found to bear testimony to the damning deed; and sooner or later posterity will learn whether his remorse was founded in guilt, or in the affectation of which he has so frequently been accused. After all, is it not possible that his conscience might have exaggerated some youthful error?

One evening, amongst others, the conversation turned upon a handsome Milanese female, who had eagerly desired to venture her person in single combat with a lover by whom she had been abandoned; the discussion afterwards changed to the story of a prince who, in cold blood, had murdered his mistress, for an act of infidelity. Byron was instantly silent, endeavoured to restrain his feelings, but, unequal to the effort, soon afterwards indignantly quitted the box. His indignation on this occasion was evidently directed against the subject of the anecdote, and in our eyes absolved himself from the suspicion of a similar offence. Whatever might be the crime of which Byron apparently stood self-accused, I may compare it to the robbery of a piece of riband, committed by Jean Jacques Rousseau, during his stay at Turin.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

RAIL-ROADS AND LOCOMOTIVE STEAM-CARRIAGES.

[We quote the following very forcible and pertinent observations on the importance of Railway communications, from a paper in the *Quarterly Review*, just published. Perhaps the advantages of the project have never been more attractively put to the general reader:—]

Besides heavy goods, the railway presents equal, if not greater advantages in another important branch of internal intercourse—namely, the conveyance of light goods, or of the mails, where speed is required, and more especially for the conveyance of passengers. With a view to practical purposes, it is necessary to consider, not merely the utmost rate of speed to which locomotive carriages can attain, but that which is consistent with safety. In our common coaches it is impossible to travel at a rate beyond ten miles an hour; and even at this rate, experience shows that accidents often occur, owing to the spirit of the horses which it is found necessary to employ, and which it is, at the same time, extremely difficult to control. But it is the peculiar excellence of the power of steam, that it is at all times

under our most perfect command, as was exemplified in the recent experiments,* where the engines could be stopped, even when going at their utmost speed of thirty miles an hour, by merely reversing the power of the steam. Another advantage is, that those vehicles, from their great weight, and their confinement on the tracks of the railway, can scarcely be overturned by any contingency. This mode of travelling consequently admits a rate of speed that would be entirely inconsistent with safety, even although it were practicable to attain it, with animal power. It would be still imprudent, however, to adopt the utmost limit of thirty miles, because such an unusual rate of velocity, surpassing that of the swiftest horse, would be alarming, if it were not dangerous; and if any accident were to happen, such as the vehicle running against any obstacle—a circumstance, no doubt, very unlikely to occur—the effects of the collision would prove fatal both to the vehicle and the passengers. At the rate of twenty miles an hour, however, it would, we think, be perfectly practicable to travel with the utmost safety and comfort; and when we consider the vast facilities of intercourse which would thence arise, if its practicability were once established by some decisive experiment, we may fairly anticipate a great reduction in our present modes of travelling. What a cheap and rapid communication could be established, by means of this conveyance, between London and all the great provincial towns! The distance between London and Manchester, or Liverpool, is two hundred miles, which cannot be travelled at present in a shorter time than twenty hours, and at an expense of at least three pounds. By the steam-carriage, running along the railway, a traveller would be conveyed the same distance in ten hours, and at the comparatively small expense of sixteen or eighteen shillings. A manufacturer of Leeds or Manchester, by setting out early in the morning, might arrive in London to dinner, transact his business in the evening, and dine at his own house the next day; and those great towns would be, in this manner, actually brought nearer to each other by half their present distance. To Birmingham, again, the distance from London is about one hundred miles, which could be travelled, by the same conveyance, in five hours; so that a merchant might leave London early in the morning, reach

Birmingham to breakfast, transact business, and return to London to dinner. Between great towns not so far distant, where the intercourse is, consequently, more frequent, the advantages would be still more important. Between Liverpool and Manchester, for example, we may safely estimate the number of passengers every day at four hundred each way, and the average fare to be about seven shillings each, the daily expenditure will amount, in this manner, to about two hundred and eighty pounds. By the use of the steam-coaches, the fares would be reduced to two shillings and sixpence, and would thus amount only to one hundred pounds per day—making a daily saving of one hundred and eighty pounds, or upwards of sixty thousand pounds per annum. But this great facility and cheapness would, undoubtedly, give rise to a much more extensive intercourse: since the journey could be performed in an hour and a half, merchants would often dispatch their clerks with goods or with messages, in place of sending invoices or corresponding, and would much more frequently travel themselves between the two places: the intercourse would be increased in this and a thousand other ways of the same kind; and new sources of trade and business would thus be opened upon the railway, by these increased facilities of communication. Of this we have a remarkable instance on the Stockton and Darlington railway. Between these towns there was formerly no coach at all on either of the roads along which the railway runs parallel, and an intercourse of this kind never entered into the views of its contrivers. Very shortly after the opening of the railway, however, a coach was tried on it, the success of which gave rise to others; and in less than a twelvemonth, the Railway Company drew a revenue from this source of four or five hundred pounds a year. An intercourse and trade seemed to arise out of nothing, and no one knew how; and altogether the circumstance of bustle and activity which appeared along the line, with crowds of passengers going and returning, formed a matter of surprise to the whole neighbourhood.

Another great source of revenue and of trade on this improved mode of intercourse would arise from the conveyance of those fine goods, parcels of value, and all light articles, where speed and certainty are required; and which are now sent, at great expense, by coaches. In this manner the seats of the various finer and lighter manufactures would be

* At Liverpool, in October last. For Engravings of the Prize Engines, and details of the Race, see *Arcana of Science* for 1830.

brought almost into immediate contact with the great markets for their disposal. A merchant in London, on receiving any particular order, might send either to Nottingham, to Birmingham, or to Sheffield, or even to Manchester or Leeds, and have the goods in his shop the next or the following day, and at an expense not exceeding one shilling and sixpence, or two shillings.

Lastly, what a wonderful improvement would arise in the conveyance of letters, and the rapid circulation of intelligence ! The mails might safely travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and be conveyed between London and Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred miles, in eighteen hours ; an event, happening in London, would be known in Edinburgh the same day. Such a rapid transmission of intelligence would, to our ancestors, have appeared miraculous and incredible ; even lately, when the experiment of steam-carriages was about to be tried, the idea of travelling at such a rate of speed was considered to be impracticable ; and those who, with better knowledge of its principles, actually contemplated such an improvement, were treated as wild visionaries. But we see these views, however extravagant they may have appeared, realized, and even outdone, by experience. Their practicability is now completely established, and only requires means for carrying it into effect.

Such, then, are a few, and but a few, of the important advantages which would arise from the introduction of this improvement.

BURKE.

MR. BURKE, assuredly, possessed an understanding admirably fitted for the investigation of truth,—an understanding stronger than that of any statesman, active or speculative, of the eighteenth century,—stronger than every thing, except his own fierce and ungovernable sensibility. Hence, he generally chose his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher. His conduct, in the most important events of his life,—at the time of the impeachment of Hastings, for example, and at the time of the French Revolution,—seems to have been prompted by those feelings and motives, which Mr. Coleridge has so happily described :—

“ Stormy pity, and the cherish’d lure
Of pomp, and proud precipitance of soul.”

Hindustan with its vast cities, its gorgeous pagodas, its infinite swarms of dusky population, its long-descended

dynasties, its stately etiquette, excited in a mind so capacious, so imaginative, and so susceptible, the most intense interest. The peculiarities of the costume, of the manners, and of the laws, the very mystery which hung over the language and origin of the people, seized his imagination. To plead in Westminster Hall, in the name of the English people, at the bar of the English nobles, for great nations and kings separated from him by half the world, seemed to him the height of human glory. Again, it is not difficult to perceive, that his hostility to the French Revolution principally arose from the vexation which he felt, at having all his old political associations disturbed, at seeing the well-known boundary-marks of states obliterated, and the names and distinctions with which the history of Europe had been filled for ages, swept away. He felt like an antiquarian whose shield had been scoured, or a connoisseur, who found his Titian retouched. But however he came by an opinion, he had no sooner got it, than he did his best to make out a legitimate title to it. His reason like a spirit in the service of an enchanter, though spell-bound, was still mighty. It did whatever work his passions and his imagination might impose. But it did that work, however arduous, with marvellous dexterity and vigour. His course was not determined by argument ; but he could defend the wildest course by arguments more plausible, than those by which common men support opinions which they have adopted, after the fullest deliberation. Reason has scarcely ever displayed, even in those well-constituted minds of which she occupies the throne, so much power and energy as in the lowest offices of that imperial servitude. — *Edinburgh Review.*

THE LARK.

IN the neighbourhood of Ipswich, Mr. Cobbett says, I heard the first singing of the birds this year ; and I here observed an instance of that *petticoat government*, which, apparently pervades the whole of animated nature. A lark, very near to me in a ploughed field, rose from the ground, and was saluting the sun with his delightful song. He was got about as high as the dome of St. Paul’s, having me for a motionless and admiring auditor when the hen started up from nearly the same spot whence the cock had risen, flew up and passed close by him. I could not hear what she said ; but supposed that she must

have given him a pretty smart reprimand; for down she came upon the ground, and he, ceasing to sing, took a twirl in the air, and came down after her. Others have, I dare say, seen this a thousand times over; but I never observed it before.

IPSWICH.

I KNOW of no town to be compared with Ipswich, except it be Nottingham; and there is this difference in the two; that Nottingham stands high, and, on one side, looks over a very fine country; whereas Ipswich is in a dell, meadows running up above it, and a beautiful arm of the sea below it. The town itself is substantially built, well paved, every thing good and solid, and no wretched dwellings to be seen on its outskirts. From the town itself, you can see nothing; but you can, in no direction, go from it a quarter of a mile without finding views that a painter might crave, and then, the country round about it, so well cultivated; the land in such a beautiful state, the farm-houses all white, and all so much alike; the barns, and every thing about the homesteads so snug; the stocks of turnips so abundant every where; the sheep and cattle in such fine order; the wheat all drilled; the ploughman so expert; the furrows, if a quarter of a mile long, as straight as a line, and laid as truly as if with a level: in short here is every thing to delight the eye, and to make the people proud of their country; and this is the case throughout the whole of this county. I have always found Suffolk farmers great boasters of their superiority over others; and I must say that it is not without reason.

GRIEF.

In one man grief is mute as the moss, and hard as the stone. Strike it with a sledge-hammer, and it may dully and sullenly ring—but break it shall not—nay, nor yield a single splinter. Grief in another man is like a pound of butter—and he would be a poor pugilist who could not make a “dent in it.”

What is as natural in one man in agony as it is natural for the leaves to look for the light, is as unnatural in another man in the same agony, as it would be for a bishop to walk up the steps of his throne in a cathedral on his head or bottom, like Joe Grimaldi.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SLANDER.

WHEN a calumny has rested for years on a man's character, all its virtues seem to our eyes poor and sickly under the influence of that unjustly-imputed guilt, like the flowering shrubs in some spot of shady ground from which the sun's glad beams have been intercepted; but, in the latter case, the pining away is real; in the former, it only seems so to our jaundiced eyes; unless, indeed, which generally happens—though from different causes, to the humble as well as to the high—the meek as well as the proud—a scornful sense of injustice withers or blights the better feelings of their nature, and in process of time makes them at last, in very truth, the wicked and unhappy beings which calumny at first called them in the bitterness of conscious falsehood.—*Ibid.*

TAXES.

WE will take, in round numbers, the taxes at fifty millions, and the income of the British population at two hundred millions, or about fourteen pounds for each individual on the average. In this case, the taxes as a whole, form an income tax of twenty-five per cent. and each individual contributes to them about 3*l.* 10*s.* yearly.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

MOTIVES FOR LOVE.

WE love handsome women from inclination, ordinary ones for interest, and virtuous ones from reason.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THERE is a ridiculous story told of Lord Chesterfield, which sets that nobleman's ideas of a country life in so strong a point of view, that it deserves to be related. Walking, one day, with a friend in the street, he was exceedingly annoyed by a little cur, which continued barking and biting at his heels. He bore this for some time with great patience; but at length, turning round, said with apparent good humour, “I wish you were married, Sir, and settled in the country!”

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is the Ward of Farringdon Without like the County of Cambridge?—Because it has got a *New-market* in it.

Which is the best modern representative of Hercules?—*The King of Clubs.*

A GOOD REASON.

At a late trial, a witness was examined to prove that his signature to a certificate of marriage was forged. On his cross-examination, the opposite counsel exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Will you swear, Sir, that that is not your hand-writing?" "No," replied the other, "I don't like to swear to it, because I can't read!"

ORIGIN OF THE SAYING TOM PO.

TOM PO, was an expression commonly used (says Butler) for an apparition; and it was usual to say to one that seemed fearful of going into another room in the dark, "You are afraid you shall meet *Tom Po*." The rise of this might be from the Nayros, or soldiers of Malabar, in the Indies, of whom Linschoten gives the following account:—"As these Nayros go into the street, they used to cry *Po, Po*, which is to say, take heed, look to yourself, or I come, stand out of the way; for that the other sort of people called *Polyas*, that are no *Nayros*, may not once touch or trouble one of them, and therefore they always cry, because they should make them room, and know that they come; for if any of the *Polyas* should chance to touch their bodies, he may freely thrust him through, and no man ask him why he did it."

P. T. W.

ANECDOTE OF DR. KITCHEN, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

SOMEWHAT in principle like the Vicar of Bray, (vide *Mirror*, page 231,) which was to take care of himself. From an idle abbot under Henry VIII. was made a busy bishop; Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*!

J. R. S.

LORD BACON, A BOND STREET LOUNGER, IN HIS REIGN-DAY.

PENNANT says, "The body of the Old Cathedral of St. Pauls was the common resort of the politicians, the newsmongers, and idle in general. It was called Paul's Walk; it is mentioned in the old plays, and other books of the times."

We are also informed in the *European Magazine*, that the gallants from the inns of court, the western and the northern parts of the metropolis, used to meet at the central point, St. Pauls; and from this circumstance obtained the name of

Paul's Walkers, as we now say *Bond Street Loungers*. Tradition says, that the great Lord Bacon used in his youth to cry, *Eastward Ho!* and was literally a *Paul's Walker*. It was common to affix bills in the form of advertisements, upon the columns in the aisles of the church.

P. T. W.

SUGAR.

THE quantity of sugar at present consumed in Great Britain, may be estimated at 160,000 tons, or about 360,000,000 lbs.; which taking the population at 16 millions, gives, at an average, 22½ lbs. for each individual. In workhouses, the customary annual allowance for each individual, is, we believe, 34 lbs.; and in private families, the smallest separate allowance for domestics, is 1 lb. a-week, or 52 lbs. a-year.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

THE importance of correctness and of consistency necessarily increases with the subject. The traveller, whom the fame of Miss Kemble's Juliet tempts into the pit of Covent Garden, may be allowed a smile, (especially if he has ever owed a night's lodging to the hospitality of a Franciscan convent,) at the strange costume in which Protestant carelessness muffles up the accommodating friar.—*Ibid.*

HIGHLAND SERGEANT AT WATERLOO.

A HIGHLAND sergeant, formerly billeted in Mr. Van Mon's house at Brussels, came back with the basket hilt of his sword so bruised that he could not get his hand out of it till relieved by a blacksmith! He made very light of his wounds, and only hoped soon to be "at the enemy again." They had not disarmed him at last.

J. G. B.

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